

Too Civil by Half,

A

F A R C E

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal, *Drury-Lane*.

By J O H N D E N T, 

Author of the CANDIDATE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. STOCKDALE, opposite Burlington-House,
Piccadilly. 1783.

(Price ONE SHILLING.)

Too Civil by Half

F A R C P

IN TWO ACTS

PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPROBATION

Theatre-Farce-Laws.
BY JOHN DENT

Author of the CANDIDATE



L O N D O N

Printed for J. Stockdale, opposite Burlington House,
Piccadilly. 1823.

(Price One Shilling)

T O T H E
Right Hon. *Charles James Fox.*

S I R,

I N laying before you the following dramatic trifle, I have neither occasion to compliment the patron it looks up to, nor to speak of the honor the author receives.

To attempt a description of your public and private virtues would be *alike* superfluous, and were I vain enough, to think my pen *equal* to the task, I should find myself anticipated in *all* I could say. The world has ever been proud to admit the pre-eminence of your talents, and you owe it no less to your own worth, than to the just tribute of others, that you have been selected out as the object of general admiration and esteem. Your whole life, Sir, has been a series of actions the most beneficial to mankind, uniting in it every thing great and amiable. It has illumined the transcendent name of Statesman—Orator—Friend—and
Patriot

Patriot, beyond the most splendid accomplishments of all former candidates for those great and estimable distinctions, and it has furnished a character, the warmest encomiast might well decorate with all the variegated flowers of the most luxuriant language, secure from the blight of adulation.

Permit me to assure you, that the honour I feel conferred on me, in having my attempt in the following sheets, to add to the amusement of the public, stamp with success, is not a little heightened by your particular approbation, and the opportunity they afford me of acknowledging myself,

Sir,

Your much obliged and most devoted servant,

The AUTHOR.

No. 116, Strand.

A D D R E S S.

IN submitting the following Piece to the candid consideration of an indulgent public, the Author never ventured to hope for any thing more, than that it might be received as an earnest of his future attempts; and if it can be thought to have done that, and to have justified, in any degree, the kindness he experienced last summer at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market, in being brought forward by the first Dramatic Judge of the Age, his purpose has been answered in a manner truly flattering.

P R O L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

Written by the AUTHOR.

I*F through life's bustling scene we look around,
Nine out of ten too civil far are found;
With promises they crowd from ev'ry part,
And feign a friendship that ne'er touch'd the heart:
All now shake hands and joke, and sing, and quaff,
And each one proves, too civil he's by half.*

*Thro' ev'ry class of men politeness rages,
Unknown to Gothic times and barb'rous ages,
Some civil are whilst they'd obtain a borough,
They then say one thing, but—they mean another;
With nought but bows—bribes—smiles—before th' election,
And hams—nice fowls and turkeys for dissection;
They greet th' electors, and each wife and miss,
The former drink with—with the latter—kiss.
Yet soon as chosen, in their sleeves they laugh,
And prove too civil they have been by half.*

*Duke's place produces many a civil friend,
Who for bare cent. per cent. their "monies" lend;
Good christians too adore the golden calf,
And Moses-like, too civil prove by half.
This gen'ral rule exception hath, at least,
Few are o'er civil at a city feast;
"More ven'son fat there, and some currant jelly'
His worship cries—and strokes his fair round belly.
"This Callipash and Callipee's too nice,
"Sir, wou'd you chuse a bit?"—Himself helps twice.*

P R O L O G U E.

*In private life this civil rage is greater,
Mifs must be free, or modern Beaux will hate her ;
Each high-bred dame, or self-admiring prude,
Is civil now, lest men should think her rude.*

*Abroad our gallant tars take diff'rent turns,
The noblest passion in their bosom burns ;
Of Britons long they've been the prop and staff,
No foe too civil found them yet by half.
The vet'ran Elliot too—that soldier rough,
By honour form'd of good old-fashion'd stuff,
Is often rude, for when the Dons have prest,
His red hot balls have met th' advancing guest.
Civility ne'er smoothes that hero's name,
Except when mercy spreads his glorious fame ;
'Tis fix'd as fate, and will with time grow old ;—
Let France and Spain the god-like tale unfold.*

*Our Author, from so many civil faces,
Some share of favour thinks he plainly traces ;
And tho' he aims to cure a growing evil,
He'll not complain, should you be over civil ;
Or should your plaudits join a short-liv'd laugh,
He'll never say you've been too loud by half.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Toby Treacle,	Mr. PARSONS.
Captain Freeman,	Mr. PALMER,
Bustle,	Mr. WRIGHTEN.
Butler,	Mr. BADDELEY.
Lieutenant Bumper,	Mr. CHAPMAN.

Servants, &c.

W O M E N.

Lady Treacle,	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Nancy,	Miss PHILLIPS.
Bridget,	Miss COLLET.

Too Civil by Half.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room with a Ship on each pannel in it.

Sir Toby Treacle, and his Lady sitting at Breakfast.

* SIR TOBY.

MIND my own bufiness?

LADY.

Yes, Sir Toby, I say mind your own bufiness. What have you to do with the Royal Navy? Don't the parliament vote the necessary supplies for it?

SIR TOBY.

Yes, my Lady, and don't I allow you a hundred a year out of my privy purse, for pin-money? and don't you come to me every week, notwithstanding, for a private subscription? all the counties are building ships an't they? and if I have chosen to give the public a ship, and show an act of patriotism, pray where's the harm on it?

LADY.

None, Sir Toby, if you could afford it. The thing's well enough for Lords and Dukes.

B

Sir

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Sir TOBY.

Lords and Dukes! Let me tell you, my Lady, I should be sorry if the character of an English merchant, was not as great as any of them. The purse of Sir Toby Treacle has a few guineas to spare, I warrant you, for the service of his country, and it shall have them. Besides, the King has knighted me, han't he; and I ought to show my gratitude.

LADY.

But, you're not content with subscribing your mite like other people, but you must build a ship, forsooth, yourself, and give up your whole time to it. I protest there's nothing to be heard now in the house from morning till night, but about ship building, and manning the Royal Navy. The very canal in your garden, that a fashionable shoe buckle might make a bridge over, never has less than half a dozen models of ships floating on it, and every pannel in your room here (*looking round it*) must bear some token of your partiality for the sea.

Sir TOBY.

Yes, they are made to exhibit my eleven ships that I have now at Jamaica. I intend, you know, to call them after my children. Four of them, you see, are already christened, and when you please, my dear, why, we'll find names for the other seven.

LADY.

If you was First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Toby, your head cou'd n't be more on the subject.

Sir TOBY.

First Lord of the Admiralty! why, all the Lords of the Admiralty put together, have n't got the money I have by the sea. Was n't my father owner of above a dozen ships, and my grandfather the first merchant in the City of London? and have n't I made a dozen
voyages

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voyages to the West-Indies, and got half a score ships now on the Ocean, and shall I refuse my assistance towards the support of the Royal Navy that conveys my riches home? I tell you my Lady, that the Royal Navy must be supported, ay, and properly *manned* too.

LADY.

And is there nothing else to be properly *manned*, Sir Toby?

Sir TOBY.

Yes, your daughter shall be taken care of, I warrant you. Nancy is a very fine vessel, and shall have a proper commander to tow her into the port of matrimony.

LADY.

It is quite time, Sir Toby; it is now a month you know, since the girl left boarding school.

Sir TOBY.

The academy, you mean; there's no boarding schools now, nor girls neither, they are all young ladies, and think their fortunes ruined if they but pickle a cucumber, or a bit of red cabbage—or make an apple pudding. But Nancy's a tight, well rigged pretty vessel, and shall be provided for.

LADY.

Pray Sir Toby, don't be talking of your daughter in this manner, and telling every one you know, what a fine vessel she is; I dare to be sworn now, your whole household is described at your club, as a brig or a sloop, and your wife always spoken of as a ship of the line.

Sir TOBY.

She is indeed—a first rate, as I tell my friend Mr. Buffle.

LADY.

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LADY.

I wish, my dear, you'd never mention his name, You know I can't bear him; and as to his nephew, that he expects home from Berlin, where he has been qualifying himself for a soldier, he shall never marry our daughter, I promise you.

Sir TOBY.

Why, lawyer Buffle,—to be sure, has his oddities, and is a mighty foolish sort of a fellow---always in a confounded hurry, and nothing to do---and has always twenty clients waiting for him---but you know, my dear, he's very rich, and can give his Nephew, Colonel Ramble, besides his own fortune of twenty thousand pounds, a good round sum. As to Mr. Buffle, as I told you before, he's a stupid old fellow, and as great a knave, I believe, as the rascal there, that run away with my ship, and sold the whole cargo of gunpowder to the Dutch.

Enter Bridget.

BRIDGET.

Sir, Mr. Buffle waits upon you below.

Sir TOBY.

Mr. Buffle! why didn't I tell you, not two minutes ago, that I wasn't at home. There's not a gentleman in London but does it every day, and will even call to his friend while sitting at breakfast, and tell him he was obliged to go out upon particular business.

LADY.

It may be the fashion, but I'm sure it's not good manners.

Sir TOBY.

Good manners!-- why, what, the devil has fashion to do with good manners, or I either? an't I one of his

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his Majesty's justices of the peace, and chairman of the quarter-session? what the plague have I to do with good manners? I tell you, my Lady, that I am at home, and I an't at home, just as I please, and Bridget's a faucy jade for letting Mr. Bustle in.

BRIDGET.

Laud, Sir, I did every thing in the world to send him away again. I told him, Sir, that you had got a bad cold in your head, and had lost your hearing.

Sir TOBY.

The devil you did—go down directly, and—

BRIDGET.

But here's Mr. Bustle coming, Sir.

Sir TOBY.

I wish he was in the Fens of Lincolnshire with all my soul, the very sight of him is like an ague to me.

Enter Bustle.

Sir TOBY.

My honest fellow, how do you do? I'm glad to see you with all my heart.

BUSTLE.

(speaking loud.)

Sir Toby your servant.

Sir TOBY.

(takes him by the hand.)

I never have your company but my spirits are revived, for all the world, as if I had taken a glass of Madeira, or had one of Dalmahoy's smelling bottles at my nose.

BUSTLE.

I have got some good news, Sir Toby, that will make you leap for joy—but I haven't a moment to spare, and twenty clients waiting for me at home—my Nephew, Colonel Ramble, you understand me.

(putting his mouth to his ear.)

Sir

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Sir TOBY.

Why, yes, I suppose he's arrived—But, what the devil, do you think I'm hard of hearing?

BUSTLE.

Why, your servant, here, told me you had got a cold in your head and was quite deaf.

BRIDGET.

[to Bustle.

And so I would, Sir, a hundred times over, or any thing else to keep you out of the house.

[Exit Bridget.

Sir TOBY.

Go, get along, you saucy baggage, do. Well Mr. Bustle, and so your Nephew's arrived!

BUSTLE.

Not yet, Sir Toby, but I expect him every day from Berlin. Such a Nephew! egad, he's the very flower I'm told of the Prussian army, and grown as tall as a grenadier, or the great original Irish giant.

Sir TOBY.

Indeed!

BUSTLE.

O yes, you'll never know him again, Sir Toby, when you see him, he's so much altered for the better.

Sir TOBY.

Well, Mr. Bustle, you'll let me know the moment he comes, I have promised you Nancy for his wife, and, as an English merchant I wouldn't break my word, for the Island of Jamaica itself.

BUSTLE.

I have no doubt, Sir Toby, of your honor, and therefore as soon as my Nephew arrives, I shall move for a rule to shew cause, why your daughter Nancy, should not take him for a husband—but I haven't a moment to spare.

Sir

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Sir TOBY.

Well, then, if you please, Mr. Bustle, we'll go and take a peep at the sloop I have built. I intend to have it launched to-morrow, and hope for the honor of your company.

BUSTLE.

I am always happy, Sir Toby, in your commands; but I haven't a moment to spare—and twenty client waiting for me at home. [*Ex. Sir Toby and Bustle.*]

LADY.

You may lay your heads together, if you please; but it shall answer no purpose, I promise you. Your daughter Nancy, Sir Toby, shall have a husband, but not of your chusing. Captain Freeman has her heart and shall have her hand. [*Exit Lady.*]

Enter Nancy.

NANCY.

I know not how it is, but this Captain Freeman has taken such root in my affections, that he is continually before me. All other objects appear alike indifferent to me. With him I could be the happiest of women. His very name delights my ear, and warms my heart with love.

Enter Lady.

LADY.

Well, my dear, make your mind easy, I have hit upon an expedient, that will enable me to give you the man of your choice.

NANCY.

My dear Mamma, I'm impatient to hear it.

LADY.

Why I have prevailed, Nancy, upon Captain Freeman, whose fortune, and honor, entitle him to every happiness, to throw aside the dress of a country gentleman, which he assumed after a voyage, or two,

to the West-Indies, and wait upon your pappa, in the character of a captain of a ship; you know he can't dress too seaman-like to take with Sir Toby, who can never bear to see any powder, or finery, about any person of a Naval appearance.

NANCY.

Laud, 'twill break my heart if my pappa should refuse him. For Miss Teriffa, and Betfy Edging, you know, are both married since we left school, and I shou'dn't like to be laugh'd at.

LADY.

Don't you fret yourself child, I can't bear it. I have enjoined Captain Freeman to write, and talk to your pappa in his own style, and you know there's nothing pleases him so well as that. I'll go to Sir Toby, this minute, and break the matter open to him; in the mean time, keep up your spirits, and expect me your friend.

AIR I. by NANCY.

Indeed, Mamma, you're wond'rous kind,
So gallant a Husband to find;
No Fop with a fine Head of Hair,
Such Creatures I never could bear.

With Simper and Sigh,
They'll lend you an Eye,
Then tell you they'll die,
But wish you good bye.

The Swain that I'd chuse, I must own,
Were I all the smart Fellows shown,
Is manly and bold—but in Love,
As meek as a Child, or a Dove.

If once they but woo,
(Indeed, Ma', its true,)
Their Love they pursue,
Nor bid you Adieu.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Room, Sir Toby discovered looking over his Books.

Sir TOBY.

There's nothing like looking to one's accounts; my great grandfather, Van Sterling, did it to the hour of his death, and there was not a richer man in all Amsterdam.

Enter Lady Treacle.

LADY.

I wish, my dear, you wou'd leave off this drudgery. You're a man of fortune.

Sir TOBY.

Yes, my dear, and I'd wish to keep it.

LADY.

And so you might if you was to leave your books to the care of your clerks at your 'counting-house in Cateaton-Street, instead of lugging them down here, to bury yourself in, every Monday morning.

Sir TOBY.

It's my will, my Lady, to look into my own accounts, and I wish every other merchant wou'd do the same. We shou'dn't have *A whereas*, staring us in the face, so often as it does, in the London Gazette. So now you know my mind, I wish, with all my soul, for I'll not speak another word, that you'd go about your business.

LADY.

My business, Sir Toby, is with you, but you're so hot.

Sir TOBY.

(reads.)

"Fourteen pounds of pepper."

C

LADY.

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LADY.

I protest, I am quite at a loss to know, what can prevail upon you, to encourage such an overgrown monster, as you promised your daughter's hand to—

Sir TOBY.

(reads)

“A hundred weight of raisins.”

LADY.

But so your daughter has only a man that's rich, you care for nothing.

Sir TOBY.

(turning over several leaves and looking at them.)
“Not a single fig.”

LADY.

Why, Sir Toby, do you know the fortune I brought you?

Sir TOBY.

(reads.)

“Nineteen pounds, two shillings and two-pence.”

LADY.

This is very pretty usage, Sir Toby; but Nancy shall never have any other person, than I may chuse for her.

Sir TOBY.

(looking over the book)

“No credit to be given.”

LADY.

So now you know my mind, and however you may affect to dispise it, you shall turn over a new leaf, I promise you, Sir Toby. *[Exit Lady.]*

Sir TOBY.

(reads.)

“Posted up to this day.”—I hadn't served the office of a Sheriff, and been an Alderman, and Lord Mayor of London, and Major General of the Trained Bands—if I hadn't looked to my books.

Enter

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Enter Bridget.

BRIDGET.

Laud, Sir, there's Captain Freeman below, come to speak with you.

Sir TOBY.

Captain Freeman!

BRIDGET.

Yes, Sir, I know him, tho' he thinks I don't.

Sir TOBY.

Why, what the plague now, does he want with me? Odso, here he comes—you may retire, Bridget.

BRIDGET.

I shall make bold to listen a little tho'. [*conceals herself in an adjoining room.*]

Enter Captain FREEMAN.

FREEMAN.

Sir Toby, your Servant.

Sir TOBY.

Sir, I'm yours; your commands, Sir, if you please.

FREEMAN [*gives a letter.*]

If you wou'd overhaul this bill of lading, Sir Toby, it will inform you of the nature of my voyage.

Sir TOBY [*takes the letter*]

Sir, your most obedient—Egad! a fine bold looking fellow this. One may see with half an eye that he's a sailor—damn me—he's the Tar from head to foot, [*aside*—But let us see what this letter says. [*reads.*]

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To Sir Toby Treacle.

S I R,

“ Captain Freeman, the bearer of this,
 “ is a particular friend and relation of mine.
 “ He went under my convoy two voyages
 “ to the West-Indies, and waits upon you, to
 “ offer himself a volunteer, for your Sloop
 “ Nancy. He is a very honest, rough Sea-
 “ man, but a little bashful, or so.—[*looks*
 “ *at Freeman*] which I doubt not, in time,
 “ he will get the better of, and am, dear
 “ Sir,

“ Your most obedient

“ and very humble Servant,

“ BEN. BROADSIDE.”

Well said Commodore Broadside.

CAPT.

You see, Sir, I am come to offer myself a volunteer.

Sir TOBY.

Sir—the Commodore has done me a great deal of honour. I dare say you are properly qualified.

CAPT.

Properly qualified! I shou'dn't have offer'd myself, Sir, if I hadn't.

Sir TOBY.

Why, Sir, you are pleased to tender your service, but this is a matter, let me tell you, that requires consideration. Nancy is a very pretty vessel, and must have an able commander.—There'll not be a finer boat in the whole navy. [*aside*].

CAPT.

CAPT.

Look'ee, Sir Toby, I have seen your Nancy, and like her; She's a very neat, tight, pretty, thing, and if you think I can do my duty by her, why I'm ready to take the command of her as soon as you please.

SIR TOBY.

Say you so! why there's my hand, [*gives his hand*] and I don't know but Nancy may be yours.

BRIDGET.

That's enough for me, old gentleman,

[*Exit Bridget.*]

CAPT.

And as far as a few thousands will go in rigging us out for the voyage, why, I believe, my uncle, the commodore, will not mind throwing it in.

SIR TOBY.

No, no,—Egad you shall not pay a single farthing. I have built her all myself, and 'twill be very hard, if I can't afford to rig her, and fit her out.

CAPT.

Yes, yes, my stile has done the business, I see, for he adopts it. [*aside*] Your kindness, Sir, has anchored me to you for ever, and I trust, I shall always be found to keep a leaf or two, in the log book of your approbation.

SIR TOBY.

Well said, young gentleman; but I thank you, there's no need of assistance.—Nancy's rigging, and powder, is already provided.—

CAPT.

Powder, Sir!

SIR TOBY.

Yes, powder.—Zounds! he's not afraid I hope. [*aside*] She wants nothing but a little painting.—

CAPT.

CAPT.

A little painting! but it's the fashion, I suppose.
—Just as you please, Sir.

SIR TOBY.

Well, Captain Freeman, I hope we shall agree upon this business, for to tell you a bit of my mind, I believe you're an honest fellow.—Though my friend Broadside had no occasion to have apologized for his bashfulness. [*aside*]

CAPT.

Why, looker, Sir Toby, it's always my way to sail straight forward thro' the passage of life, and never to hang out false colours to deceive; I have offer'd myself as a volunteer, and if I am found properly qualified, why, I hope, to have the command.

SIR TOBY.

And you shall have it.---She'll be launched to-morrow morning, and be thoroughly equipped, I hope in the course of next week. I have had her peirced for twenty guns.

CAPT.

Twenty guns, Sir!

SIR TOBY.

Yes, to give the French a broadside, damme, that shall blow them out of the water.

CAPT.

Sir, I don't understand you.

SIR TOBY.

No! why, an't you come here to offer yourself for the command of the Nancy?

CAPT.

Yes, Sir Toby, if you mean your daughter Nancy, I don't intend to command any other vessel, old gentleman.

Sir

Sir TOBY.
Why, what the devil, you've not been talking
of my daughter all this while?

CAPT.

Yes, but I have, Sir Toby.

Sir TOBY.

Sir, I'm your most obedient very humble servant
(*bowing.*) I am prodigiously obliged to you, to be sure,
but as my daughter happens to be already engaged,
why, I must beg leave to decline the honor intended
me, and my family—damn me, I'd as soon marry her
to *Paul Jones!* (*aside.*)

CAPT.

I'm glad, Sir Toby, we have come so soon to a right
understanding. If the young lady had been disen-
gaged, I should have been ready to have convoyed her
into the port of matrimony; but since I find its other-
wise, why, I've only just to tack about, and steer
another course, and so Sir Toby your servant.

[*is going.*]

Sir TOBY.

Sir, I'm your very humble servant, but I beg I may
have the honor of seeing you---You'll do me the favor
of a visit, I hope, now and then, and when you call,
I insist upon your making free with me.

Enter Bridget.

Here's Bridget will take care that you have a hearty
welcome.

CAPT.

Sir, I shall do myself the honor, and the less cere-
mony, Sir Toby, the better.

Sir TOBY.

Why, now, that's exactly my way; use no cere-
mony,

mony, I beg of you. Here, Thomas, Harry, William; where are all my servants? [*Enter Servants.*

CAPT.

Indeed, Sir Toby, I shall give you a call.

BRIDGET.

If he thought so, I'm sure he wou'd n't ask you.

(*aside.*)

SIR TOBY.

It's my way, Sir, when I meet with a person I like, never to make enough of him, and I beg now, Captain Freeman, that you'll not stay away—make my house your home; do in it just as you please; and do you hear, rascals? (*to the servants*) be sure you attend to this gentleman's orders, and that you don't refuse him any thing he commands. [*Exeunt Servants.*

CAPT.

Well, Sir Toby, I'll give you a call, and very soon too, damn me if I don't.

SIR TOBY.

So do, and I'll take care never to be at home when you call, damn me if I do.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Captain.*

BRIDGET.

You may depend upon having your orders obeyed, Sir Toby—he shall not be denied here, I promise you.

Enter Nancy.

NANCY.

Well, Bridget, did you see my pappa, and the Captain?

BRIDGET.

Yes, Miss, and heard them too; the business is done; your pappa has listened to his proposals, just as you could have wished, and has actually invited him here, whenever he pleases.

NANCY.

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NANCY.

That's charming, for I long to be my own mistress,
and go to London; they say there isn't so fine a place
in all the world.

BRIDGET:

No, nor such fine folks neither.—

AIR II. by BRIDGET.

Oh, London is a charming Place;
So full of Beaux and Belles;
You'd be in love with every Face,
Now this, now that excells.
Now here, now there,
And every where,
Laud, how the People gape, and stare,

The Ladies strive to catch the Eye,
—With all that's fine, and rare;
While all the Men dress just as high,
And make themselves as fair.
Now here now there, &c.

At every Morn, at East or West,
All Noise, and Bustle reigns,
And every Evening all are dress'd,
So many Nymphs, and Swains.
Now here, now there, &c.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to another Room, and discovers a Table and Cloth spread for Supper.

Enter Sir Toby and Bustle.

SIR TOBY.

Well I'm glad, Mr. Bustle, to learn your Nephew is arrived.

BUSTLE.

Indeed, I don't doubt it, I believe the whole village will be glad of it. He's grown out of all knowledge.

SIR TOBY.

Indeed!

BUSTLE.

Oh, near six feet high!—a perfect grenadier!—and so improved, you'll not know him again. He has nothing of the clown about him now, but is quite the soldier, and talks only of battles and sieges;—a very Alexander, I assure you.

SIR TOBY.

Well, so Nancy does but like him, I'm contented.
[Bridget peeping.]

BRIDGET.

So, so, its lucky I happened to take a peep here.
(*aside.*)

BUSTLE.

Like him! why there's not a lady in all England, but would gladly join issue with him; but you shall see him yourself, and as soon as you, and your daughter, have agreed in your verdict, a proper conveyance shall be presently had.

BRIDGET.

BRIDGET.

A proper conveyance! he means to carry her off in a *Post-Chaise*, I suppose. *(aside.)*

SIR TOBY.

If you please, Mr. Bustle; and the more private, the better, for on this occasion, I have no ambition to make myself popular.

BRIDGET.

(aside.)

Poplar! but I'll stop your journey to *Poplar* I warrant you. *[Bridget withdraws.]*

BUSTLE.

Well, Sir, I shall go and subpoena my Nephew here, the instant he arrives, for I haven't a moment to spare, and twenty clients waiting for me at home.

SIR TOBY.

Mr. Bustle, I'm your most obedient humble servant, and extremely sorry I can't have the pleasure of your company to sup with me, for I shall be all alone; to-morrow I shall have my launch; to-morrow indeed, will be a busy day. *[Exit Bustle.]*

*Enter Butler.**(drunk)*

BUTLER.

The strange gentleman, Sir, that was here last night, is below stairs, and insists upon seeing you. I think his servant, who is a very honest fellow, calls him Captain Freeman.

SIR TOBY.

Captain Freeman! but didn't I tell you, sirrah, that I wasn't at home?

BUTLER.

And so I told 'em all, but they said you order'd them to let the gentleman make free with your house, and use it as his own; and truly, I think he has taken your honor at your word.

Sir

Sir TOBY.

Why, what the devil is all this? the rascal's been drinking. [half aside.]

BUTLER.

Yes, Sir, he has been drinking sure enough—he has made all the Servants as drunk as can be. I'm the only sober person, your Honor, in all the house. He called Thomas but just now to fetch the carpenter to take down the partition in the great room.

Sir TOBY.

Take down the partition! Why what the devil does he mean?

BUTLER.

To make way, your honor, for a dance,

Sir TOBY.

A dance! Zounds, he's mad.

BUTLER.

I can't say, your honor, I'm not learned enough to know that; but he swears he'll have a pump funk in the fore parlour, down into the wine cellar, to bring up claret enough to serve the whole house, and damme, if I don't drink like a fish.

Sir TOBY.

Oh! yes, he's mad to be sure, and this fellow's as drunk as a swine. Go, firrah, and let the young gentleman know, that I'm too ill to see any body, that I'm in bed, and damned sick, and d'ye hear? if you suffer me to be disturbed, you rascal, I'll beat you till I make you as sober as a judge.

BUTLER.

Beat me! damme, you shall carry your message yourself. [Exit Butler.]

Sir TOBY.

Why, zounds, I'm for all the world, as if I was out at sea, and boarded by a pirate; my house is turned topsy-turvy, and my servants mutiny in my
very

very face, [*a noise heard without*] Ha! zounds, he's coming up sure enough, I'll just step into this room here, and take a peep at him.

[*Sir Toby gets into an adjoining room.*]

Enter Captain Freeman, Lieutenant Bumper, and several friends, with servants drunk.

BUTLER.

Sir, I tell you again, my master can't be disturb'd. He's ill, very ill, gone to bed, and is damn'd sick, and is advis'd by his physicians not to let any body see him.

SERVANT.

It's as much as our places are worth, Sir.

CAPT.

Oh! gentlemen, give yourselves no concern about that, it doesn't signify a pinch of snuff. Sir Toby has provided a good supper, I dare say, and so d'ye hear? fetch it up directly, for I'm confounded hungry. Come, gentlemen, no ceremony pray.

[*they sit down.*]

Sir TOBY.

Zounds, he has got a whole string of them,

CAPT.

Pray, gentlemen, sit down. [*supper is brought up*] Sir Toby is a queer sort of a fellow, but a damned hearty dog; he treats his friends like a prince, and hates a Sneaker confoundedly. Come, gentlemen, make yourselves no strangers. Here, Mr. What's—your—name, [*to the butler*] bring us half a dozen of your best Champagne to begin with.

BUTLER.

A whole dozen, if your honor pleases; but damme it will be no champagne to Sir Toby, when he comes to hear of it.

[*fetches wine.*]

Sir

Sir TOBY.

Damme, I shall always be afraid of a modest young man in future.

Lieut. BUMPER.

A devilish good supper, this.

CAPT.

Yes, Sir Toby has got a pretty good stomach of his own. A man wouldn't wish to sit down to a better supper, for half a crown a head.

Sir TOBY.

Oh! he's confoundedly bashful, to be sure.

CAPT.

Come, gentlemen, put about the bottle, for my friend, Sir Toby, would be damned angry, if I should stint you; he always treats his friends with good wine, and faves the bad for his tenants at Christmas. Come, gentlemen, a toast. I'll give you my girl.

Sir TOBY.

Some impudent jade, I'll warrant him.

CAPT.

Come, gentlemen, here's Nancy, Nancy Treacle.

Sir TOBY.

What an impudent dog it is?

Enter Servant. (drunk)

The ladies, and music, your honor, are all ready, and would be very glad of your company.

CAPT.

Why, then, we'll just have a song, and wait upon them. Come, Bumper, give us one of your best now.

BUMPER.

But shan't we disturb Sir Toby, with our song?

CAPT.

CAPT.

Oh! damn it, there's no fear of that; the old gentleman is far enough off, and can't have his quiet broken, by any merriment of ours.

Sir TOBY.

But I'll spoil your sport for you, young gentleman, I promise you. *[Exit Sir Toby.]*

A I R III. By Mr. CHAPMAN.

Physicians may talk of our Ills,
And Parsons look wonderous grave;
I hate all their Sermons and pills,
Designed for the Fool and the Knave.

CHORUS.

Let each take his Glass,
Filled up to the Brim,
And drink the dear Lais,
Intended for *Him*.

For never did Bacchus of old,
Repent of his quaffing good Wine,
Nor Momus (for so we are told,)
At Mirth, or good Humour repine.
Let each take, &c. &c.

Dull Souls the best Liquor decline,
And think they're undone if they taste;
While we, my Boys, live on good Wine,
And think we are damn'd if we waste.
Let each take, &c. &c.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Nancy and Bridget.

BRIDGET.

Well, Miss, every thing goes on, just as we could wish. The Captain has availed himself of your pappa's invitation, and I'll be bound for him, he'll never go out of the house without you.

NANCY.

As Captain Freeman is a man of honor, and means only to make me happy for life, I hope, nothing will happen to disappoint my wishes.

BRIDGET.

Laud, Miss, nothing *can* happen to disappoint them; you know the expedient Capt. Freeman has hit upon, and he has taken care to prevent the servants from baulking the success of it, for there's not one of them able to speak a word; and as for my part, I'm sure I would do any thing for him, he's such a sweet, good-natured sort of a gentleman.

NANCY.

Indeed, Bridget, if you was to praise him all day, I could readily forgive you for it.

AIR IV. by NANCY.

Sweet, Oh! sweet the Flowers in May,
Sweet the Dew-drop on the Spray,
Yet more than all, if all should meet,
My Freeman's sweetest of the sweet.

In gentle Freeman's face the Rose,
Blended with the Lily grows,
His sporting Eyes that glow with Fire,
Mildest, gentlest Love inspire.

His Lips are of the Roses hue,
Still dropping with the Morning dew,
While breathing and inviting Love,
They softly, gently, sweetly move.

SCENE II.

*A Room.*Sir Toby Treacle *and* Bustle.

Sir TOBY.

I haven't a servant in my house that's sober. The cellar doors are taken off their hinges, every one's his own master, and my hoghead of Madeira, that's been three times to the East Indies, is set running just like a water-plug, as if the rascals throats were on fire. I shan't have a moment's peace till I get the Captain out of the house again.

BUSTLE.

Egad, Sir Toby, I'm heartily sorry, and would advile you, to bring your bill of ejectment immediately, and indict him at the quarter-session for a trespass.

Sir TOBY.

There's nothing, Mr. Bustle, to be done by force. The rogue is in, and possession, you know, is nine points in Law.

BUSTLE.

And by what means do you propose to get him out?

Sir TOBY.

The same as got him in—a little *civility*.

BUSTLE.

Well as you please. Its your affair not mine. But I haven't a moment to spare---I've above twenty people waiting for me at home, and its my rule, you know, never to neglect my clients.

E

Sir

Sir TOBY.

There's no occasion for it, Mr. Bustle. The articles of marriage, that you have proposed between your Nephew and my Daughter, are very fair and honorable, and shall be signed whenever you please.

BUSTLE.

Well, Sir Toby, my Nephew will be with you presently---you'll excuse him if he waits upon you rough as he is, and gives you a visit before his looking-glass; but I'm loosing time. [Exit Bustle.

Enter Lady Treacle.

LADY.

So, Sir Toby, this is very pretty, indeed, but it shall never be; I am informed of your whole scheme.

Sir TOBY.

Whole scheme!

LADY.

Yes, with Mr. Bustle; I have heard of his *conveyance*, but he shall get no *Post-chaise* here, I promise you; I've taken care of all the Inns in the town, that no one of them furnish him with a carriage; I'll stop his journey, I warrant him, to *Poplar*.

Sir TOBY.

Stop his journey to *Poplar*! why what the devil is it you mean?

LADY.

No matter, Sir Toby, your daughter shall never marry old Bustle's Nephew, I promise you; nor shall any of the servants admit him into this house.

Sir TOBY.

Any of the servants admit him into this house! why how the devil should they, when *your* Captain Freeman has made them all drunk.

LADY.

Captain Freeman! why didn't you invite him to your house, and tell him to do just as he liked.

Sir TOBY.

And suppose I did, why, laud, can't a body be civil, without being imposed upon.

LADY.

Civil indeed! Sir Toby, you're too civil by half.

Sir TOBY.

Why, you know nothing's more common than to press our friends to make welcome with us, and use our house as their own, without any meaning. Besides; who the devil would have thought, that such a modest, *bashful* young gentleman, could have taken such advantage of my civility. Why, here now—

Enter Butler, with a basket of wine.

Here's a pretty fellow, to be trusted with the keys of my cellar—as drunk as the devil.—Hark'ee, rascal!

BUTLER.

I can't stay, your Honor, I have other business to mind, and but very little time, Sir Toby, to prepare for the masquerade, the Captain, and my Lady, there have ordered. Every thing's upon my hands, and nobody to help me—damme—they're all so drunk. Here, your Honor, here's the only surviving half dozen. The last dying speech of Mons. Champagne. *[Exit.]*

Sir TOBY.

A masquerade! why, what an impudent dog it is.

LADY.

Nay, Sir Toby, don't appeal to me, I had no hand in getting him in, and I promise you, that I'll have none in getting him out.

Sir TOBY.

Why, madam, you might stay, I think, till I asked your advice.—My friend Buffle's Nephew, Colonel Ramble, will be here in a few minutes, and we shall
then

then see, who's the tallest man, he, or Captain Freeman.
[Exit Sir Toby.

LADY,

I hope the Captain will be out of the house before then, Hey day! you seem frightened child.

Enter Nancy.

NANCY.

I have reason, mamma, The Colonel is this moment arrived, and has sent in his name to Sir Toby.

LADY,

But it shan't avail him---while Sir Toby and the Colonel are talking together, a Post-Chaise and four, shall convey you and the Captain off.

NANCY.

My dear mamma, you'll make me the happiest creature in the world, for the Colonel is so frightfull, I could never bear the sight of him; besides, you know, I am pledged to Captain Freeman.

A I R V. by NANCY,

I.

In Youth when a Lover, we meet that is tender,
By Fashion and Nature design'd to delight,
Our Hearts and our Hands, we are apt to surrender,
And think the dear Charmer we ne'er can requite.

II.

When, not long ago, I was woo'd by my Swain,
With Intreaties and Sighs, I ne'er could refuse,
All Resistance to Love, I found was in vain,
And soon my Heart, Freeman, determin'd to chuse.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Captain Freeman, *in the dress of a Prussian Officer.*

CAPT.

So, this dress that I had provided for the masquerade, promises to turn out a no unfortunate expedient. Mr. Bustle's Nephew, it seems, is to carry Nancy off in a Post-chaise, and as one Prussian Officer may do, for the postillion, just as well as another, there will be no great difficulty in passing myself upon him for Colonel Ramble.

Enter Bridget.

BRIDGET.

Laud, Sir—the most unlucky accident in the world!

CAPT.

What the devil, Sir Toby's not coming, is he?

BRIDGET.

No, dear Sir, but Colonel Ramble is here.

CAPT.

Here, where!

BRIDGET.

In the house, Sir.

CAPT.

The devil he is!—Then, faith, I must go out of it.

BRIDGET.

Yes, you must indeed, for here's Sir Toby himself.

CAPT.

Oh, damn it, its he sure enough, and all our hopes are laid dead on the spot.—Zounds, I shall never be able to repel this attack.

Enter

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir TOBY, [*taking a view of Capt. Freeman.*]

Yes, he's grown sure enough, as my friend Buffle informed me. a very grenadier, indeed! Sir, I'm your most obedient, and very humble servant.

CAPT.

Sir!

Sir TOBY.

I say, Sir, I'm your most obedient, and very humble servant, and am heartily glad to see you. A fine looking fellow, faith, [*aside.*]

CAPT.

The devil you are! [*aside*] I hope, Sir Toby, you'll excuse the liberty I have taken—But—

Sir TOBY.

I beg, Colonel, you'll make no apology.

CAPT.

Colonel! zounds, the old fool takes me for Col. Ramble. [*apart to Bridget.*]

BRIDGET.

Make the best use of this, while I go, and keep the Colonel from coming up stairs.

[*apart to Capt. Freeman.*]

[*Exit Bridget.*]

Sir TOBY.

I wish you had found my house, Colonel, in better order, and my servants able to shew you the respect due to an officer in the service of the King of Prussia. But the truth is—you'll excuse me, Sir, I have neither house, nor servants at present. An impudent dog, that I just invited here, out of mere civility, has turned the whole house topsy-turvy.

CAPT.

Indeed, Sir!

Sir

Sir TOBY.

Yes, damme, and with Lady Treacle, has sent all round the town, inviting my Friends to a masquerade here.

CAPT.

A very impudent fellow, indeed.

Sir TOBY.

A damned impudent dog to be sure; you'd say so Colonel, if you knew all.

CAPT.

Sir!

Sir TOBY.

But no matter, tho' it's a monstrous good joke if you knew it.

CAPT.

May I intreat the favor, Sir Toby, of his name.

Sir TOBY.

No, I'd rather be excused—Damme, he'll cut the fellow's throat. [*aside*]

CAPT.

Upon my word, Sir Toby, you must let me have his name, you must, indeed.

Sir TOBY.

No, I can't—I can't, upon my soul.—I shou'dn't like to have the dog murder'd in my house neither. [*aside*]

CAPT.

Nay, Sir Toby, you have raised my curiosity to such a degree, that I can't think of excusing you.

Sir TOBY.

But you must promise me, Colonel, that you'll offer no violence.

CAPT.

None, if you desire it; but his name, Sir Toby.

Sir

TOO CIVIL BY HALF,

Sir TOBY.

A little nearer, if you please, [*whispers him*] Capt. Freeman.

CAPT.

Captain Freeman! What the nephew of Commodore Broadside, d'ye mean?

Sir TOBY.

What, you're acquainted with him?

CAPT.

A little, Sir Toby; just as far as common civility to one another—nothing further.—Zounds I shall laugh in his face. [*aside.*]

Sir TOBY.

You're not intimate with him then?

CAPT.

No, I thank you, his character has always prevented that.

Sir TOBY.

Give me your hand. [*shakes hands with him*] I'm heartily glad to hear it; for between you and I, he's a damned rogue.—Zounds! I began to be afraid the Colonel was as bad as the Captain. [*aside.*]

CAPT.

I hope the Colonel won't come, and oblige me to raise the siege. [*aside.*]

Sir TOBY.

But there's another secret yet. The young dog, Captain Freeman, has taken it into his head to fancy that my daughter is in love with him, and swears, he'll not go out of my house without her.

CAPT.

Has the rascal then the impudence to think of rivalling me with your daughter? Zounds, I'll have his head off in a minute: One stroke, Sir Toby, shall do the business. [*draws.*]

Sir

Sir TOBY. [*stops him.*]

Damme, what a sword he's got! [*aside*] Colonel, a little patience, if you please. You promised me you wouldn't hurt the fellow? and I have got a better scheme in my head. Your uncle and I have already prepared and signed articles of marriage between you and my daughter, who has also subscrib'd her name to them; in order that there might be no delay upon your coming home. Now if you please, you'll just put your name to them, and then the business is done.

CAPT.

I understand you, Sir; you'd have me secured in the possession of your daughter, in order that I may be able to turn the Captain out of doors, neck and heels, by my own authority.

Sir TOBY.

The very thing, Colonel; give me your hand; now you have nothing more to do, than just to put your name to the articles. [*the colonel signs*] Zounds, what a strapping dog it is! why, damme, that Freeman's a shrimp to him! [*aside.*]

CAPT.

Well, Sir Toby, I have signed, and I'll put the articles, if you please, in my pocket.

Sir TOBY.

Do so, and I give you joy, with all my soul; for hither comes my Lady, and Nancy; and, egad, if the articles were in my possession, with your hand to it, your whole regiment, with yourself at the head of it, cou'dn't prevent her from forcing them from me.

CAPT.

They're no friends of mine, I believe.

F

Sir

Sir TOBY.

Damn bitter enemies, I assure you! but there's no danger now—I have taken care of that.

Enter Lady Treacle, and Nancy, with each a flag, at the top of their caps; with the name, Nancy, in gold letters.

LADY.

Upon my word, Sir Toby, this is very uncivil of you; the ship has been launch'd this half hour, and the company's out of all patience.—We must contrive to get the Captain away. *[apart to Nancy.*

Sir TOBY.

Damme, she takes no notice of the Colonel! *[aside.* Why, my dear, I have ten thousand apologies to make to my friends; but I have had other business upon my hands—Ha, Colonel. *[apart to the Captain]* I've been marrying your daughter to the Colonel.

LADY.

To the Colonel! Sir Toby.

Sir TOBY.

Yes, my Lady, to Colonel Ramble here, of the King of Prussia's *tall* regiment.

NANCY.

Laud, mamma, the luckiest mistake in the world.

[apart to Lady.

LADY.

Since it is your pleasure, Nancy, I dare say, will not be disobedient, and I beg I may have the honor of congratulating Colonel Ramble, on the occasion.

[presents Nancy to the Captain:

CAPT.

It shall be my pride, Madam, to deserve this happiness. A martial ardor, which I inherit from my ancestors, has long animated me in the pursuit of glory, but the possession of your daughter, is a conquest, far superior to any I could ever hope to have made.

LADY.

LADY.

Oh! dear Colonel; you soldiers are so full of flattery.

Sir TOBY.

Why, who the devil now would have thought this! Damme, there's nothing like a little perseverance.
[aside.]

Enter Bustle.

BUSTLE.

Well, Sir Toby, I give you joy—My nephew's here.

Sir TOBY.

Yes, I know it.

CAPT.

A minute or two sooner would have totally undone us.
[aside.]

BUSTLE.

And, therefore, if you please, the treaty between him, and your daughter, may be dispatched without further loss of time—For I haven't a moment to spare.

Sir TOBY.

It's rather lucky then—that the business is done.

BUSTLE.

Done!

Sir TOBY.

Yes, the Colonel here, has signed the article of marriage we have agreed to, and the whole affair is settled. My Lady, and Nancy, there, are perfectly reconciled to the match; and I heartily give you joy.
[takes him by the hand.]

BUSTLE.

Joy of what! Why this is not my nephew, Sir Toby.
[pointing to Captain Freeman.]

Sir

Sir TOBY.

The devil it an't! that's a damn'd good joke to be sure. *[apart to the Capt.]*

CAPT.

It is indeed, Sir. *[apart to Sir Toby.]*

Sir TOBY.

Why your nephew must be altered very much to be sure, for his uncle not to know him,

CAPT.

Sir, *[to Sir Toby.]* if you please, as it is time to have done joking.

Sir TOBY.

Yes, Sir, if you please do have done joking! *[to Bustle.]*

CAPT.

I'll e'en plead guilty to the Indictment preferr'd against me, by your friend Mr. Bustle; and own that I am neither his nephew, nor an officer in the King of Prussia's *tall* regiment.

Sir TOBY.

Will *you* be so good, Sir, as to have done joking, *[to Freeman]* as you call it, and let us know, *who*, and *what*, you really are?

CAPT.

Why, Sir, this masquerade dress, and occasional whiskers being laid aside, your honor may possibly recollect, your good friend, and very humble servant, Captain Freeman.

Sir TOBY.

What, the devil! The same *bashfull* young spark, that came to offer yourself a volunteer?

CAPT.

The very same, Sir Toby.

BUSTLE.

Why, what a devil of a mistake you have made? *[to Sir Toby]* But I haven't a monent to spare.

Sir

Sir TOBY.

Mistake! Mr. Bustle, why, zounds, any man may be impos'd upon by a trick; but it sha'n't avail him, I promise him. Hark'ee, Sir, [*to Capt. Freeman*] I wonder you an't asham'd to shew your face, after the manner in which you have treated me.

CAPT.

Did n't you invite me, Sir Toby, to your house, and press me to do with it just as I pleased?

Sir TOBY.

Invite you! Yes, Sir; but now I desire you to walk out of my house.

CAPT.

If you please, Sir Toby; since I have got what I came in it for---your amiable daughter, and a fortune, that will make us happy for life.

Sir TOBY.

Zounds! he has me there, sure enough. [*half aside.*]

LADY.

Come, Sir Toby, permit me to speak a word or two for the Captain and your daughter, and to hope, that their future conduct will intitle them to your forgiveness.

Sir TOBY.

Forgivness! I tell you, my Lady, I never will forgive them; and I am sorry you have had a hand in this business: As for Mr. *Prussian* there, he may take my daughter, and her fortune, if he pleases; but he's a damn'd rogue, and I shall hate him as long as I live.

CAPT.

And yet, Sir Toby, when you are inform'd, that my uncle, the commodore, by whose means, I was so
luckily

luckily introduced to you, is equally ready to give me a considerable part of his fortune; you may not think your daughter, altogether so unfortunate in the choice she has made.

Sir TOBY.

Ha! What's this, I hear?

CAPT.

Let your forgiveness, Sir, depend on the truth of it.

Sir TOBY.

Captain Freeman, give me your hand, you're a damn'd honest fellow, and I shall always love, and esteem you. As to your nephew, Mr. Bustle, [*speaking to Bustle,*] I'm sorry for him. But I haven't a moment to spare.

BUSTLE.

Nor I neither, Sir Toby, and so your servant.—The Court of Chancery shall settle this business, I promise you, as soon as I have a moment to spare.

[*Exit Bustle.*]

The back scene opens, and discovers a ship on the water, supposed to have been just launched, Lieutenant Bumper, and others. Music heard at a small distance.

Sir TOBY.

Well, Captain, and now what do you think of my ship?

CAPT.

That it is at once a distinguish'd proof of your taste, and spirit, and an example, highly worthy general imitation.

LA

LADY.

I have taken the liberty, Sir Toby, to invite the Captain's friends; and Lieutenant Bumper, has been so obliging, as to promise us a song, in honor of the day.

[Sir Toby *takes Bumper by the hand.*

A I R VI.

By Mr. CHAPMAN.

When order first from Chaos sprung,
Fair England blooming came,
And ancient Bards their Lyres strung
To sound its rising Fame.

CHORUS.

When British Cannons roar,
Against proud France and Spain,
From distant shore to shore,
Great Britain rules the Main.

Health led her sons throughout the Isle,
And round its fertile Land;
The Ocean made its subjects smile,
Her Commerce to Command.

CHORUS. When British Cannons, &c.

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